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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 1/LDL J 181K

"DOCTOR WHO" 7D

'Strange Matter' (W/T)

by

Pip and Jane Baker

EPISODE ONE

Producer .....	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Script Editor .....	ANDREW CARTMEL
Production Associate .....	ANN FAGGETTER
Production Secretary .....	KATE EASTEAL
Director .....	ANDREW MORGAN
Production Manager .....	TONY REDSTON
A.F.M. ....	JO NEWBURY
	CHRIS SANDEMAN
Production Assistant .....	JOY SINCLAIR
Designer .....	GEOFF POWELL
Costume Designer .....	KEN TREW
Make-Up Artist .....	LESLEY RAWSTORME
Visual Effects Designer .....	COLIN MAPSON
Technical Co-ordinator .....	RICHARD WILSON
Lighting Director .....	HENRY BARBER
Sound Supervisor .....	BRIAN CLARK
Video Effects .....	DAVE CHAPMAN
Special Sound .....	DICK MILLS

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"DOCTOR WHO" 'Strange matter' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
MEL  
THE RANI  
URAK  
IKONA  
BEYUS  
SARN  
SCIENTISTS IN CABINET (N/S)

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Tardis Console Room  
Lab/Arcade Section of Lab  
Eyrie/Portal to Eyrie

\* \* \* \* \*

MODEL SHOTS:

TARDIS BOMBARDMENT

\* \* \* \* \*

OB:

Ext. Hillside  
Ext. Valley  
Ext. Rani's Lab (MODEL?)  
Ext. Woods  
Ext. Path in Woods  
Ext. Tardis location  
Ext. Common

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO" 7D

'Strange Matter' (W/T)

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EPISODE ONE

MODEL SHOT 1:

Deep Space

Against a backcloth of  
infinite ebony, the  
Tardis is being  
bombarded.

*Oliver.*

Bolts of multicoloured  
energy, a fragmented  
rainbow, assault the  
police box, tossing it  
about.

A cacophony of sound  
underscores each salvo.  
Although almost  
indiscernible in the  
jarring discord,  
the materialisation  
bellow echoes.

END MODEL SHOT 1.

8'

hand held wobble.  
Add movement.

1. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(IN SICKENING,  
UNPREDICTABLE  
LURCHES, THE  
INTERIOR IS  
UNDULATING AND  
DISTORTING.

AN EXERCISE BIKE  
IS ON ITS SIDE.

bike -  
pull over on side  
also the bit +  
pieces.

MEL AND THE  
DOCTOR LIE  
COLLAPSED, ON  
THE FLOOR. ALL  
THAT CAN BE  
SEEN OF THE  
DOCTOR ARE  
HIS FEET,  
ENCASED IN  
THE FAMILIAR  
SPATS AND SNEAKERS,  
PROTRUDING FROM  
BENEATH THE  
CONSOLE.

~~Doctors body.~~

THROUGHOUT, THE  
DISSONANT BEDLAM  
PERSISTS)

8'



O.B.1

a) Ext. Hillside. Planet of Lakertya. Day.

The azure profile of IKONA is etched against the skyline.

The skin of his neck and exposed shoulders glisten cobalt blue, and his head has the typical Lakertyan mane of spiky, golden hair.

IKONA'S gaunt features are toned in a paler shade of the same blue. Although predominantly humanoid, there is a hint that Lakertyans, at some stage in their evolution had a serpentine ancestry.

He is staring at the heavens from where, accompanied by the racket of sound, flashes of multicoloured lights hurtle towards a distant valley.

*Ikona follows it thru eyes only with*

*12'*

*he leaves shot*

b) Ext. Valley. Lakertya. Day.

With a disjointed bellowing, the Tardis materialises.

*poor prod + Tardis*

END O.B.1

*8'*

2. INT. TARDIS. CONTROL ROOM.

(TIGHT ON THE  
DOCTOR'S FEET  
AND TRAVEL UP  
HIS COMATOSED  
FORM.

HIS TORSO IS  
TWISTED AROUND  
THE PLINTH OF  
THE CONSOLE,  
CONCEALING HIS  
HEAD.

THE RANI, STRIDES  
ARROGANTLY  
OVER THE THRESHOLD.

MEL LIES CRUMPLED  
AND UNMOVING.

ANGLED FROM  
ENTRANCE AS THE  
RANI STALKS  
FURTHER IN, A  
HAIR-SHEATHED,  
SCRAWNY, OILY,  
LIMB IS INSINUATED  
INTO FRAME)

RANI: Leave the girl! It's the man  
I want. Take him to my laboratory.

(AN OBSCENE HAND  
REACHES INTO SHOT.  
THE PREHENSILE CLAW  
HAS A DOWNY MEMBRANE  
CONNECTING EACH  
BONY FINGER FROM  
BELOW THE KNUCKLE  
JOINT, LEAVING  
THE UPPER PORTION OF  
THE FINGERS AND  
THUMB FREE.

*Rani carrying  
Navigationnal guidance  
Destructer  
Barodka size weapon*

*Umbrella with strap*

*R<sub>1</sub>*

*R<sub>2</sub>*

*U<sub>1</sub>*

- 5 -

ROUGHLY IT TUGS  
THE TIME LORD'S  
SHOULDER, JERKING  
HIM ONTO HIS  
BACK.

ZOOM IN TO  
C.U. THE  
SEVENTH DOCTOR)

16"

SUPOSE CAM

Opening

Titles: DURATION 50"

O.B.1B

Tardis in Valley.

IKONA approaching  
the Tardis.

+ IKONA POV.

END O.B.1B

10"

- 5 -

3. INT. TARDIS. CONTROL ROOM.

(THE UNCONSCIOUS  
MEL IS APPARENTLY  
ALONE, WHEN A  
SHADOW FALLS ACROSS  
HER, SUGGESTING  
ANOTHER BEING HAS  
INVADED THE  
CONTROL ROOM -  
IKONA SQUATS  
BESIDE MEL.

HE PINCHES HER  
PINK CHEEK AND,  
GRIMACING WITH  
REPUGNANCE, TUGS  
HER HAIR. A  
LOW HISSING OF  
DISPLEASURE  
ACCOMPANIES EACH  
MOVEMENT.

THEN ABRUPTLY  
WIPING HIS PALMS  
ON HIS SLEEVELESS  
SAFFRON TUNIC,  
HE SNATCHES THE  
UNCONSCIOUS MEL  
UP INTO HIS ARMS  
AND CARRIES HER  
FROM THE CONTROL  
ROOM)

12"

O.B.2

Plus Model.

ESTABLISHING SHOT  
of landscape and  
building housing  
the Rani's laboratory  
(as described in  
Ep.2)

END O.B.2

foreground miniature -  
Corin.

4"



Vis Rx.  
Cabinets + people

- 8 -

4. INT. ARCADE SECTION OF LABORATORY. DAY.

(THIS IS PART  
OF A COMPOSITE  
SET COMPRISING  
THE RANI'S  
LABORATORY SUITE.

A NARROW ARCADE  
THAT RUNS PARALLEL  
TO THE (UNSEEN)  
LABORATORY. ONE  
SIDE IS LINED  
WITH TALL, OFF-  
SET CABINETS.

COMATOSE AND  
UPRIGHT - EINSTEIN  
HAS JUST BEEN  
INCARCERATED IN  
A CABINET.

ON A SIGNAL FROM  
THE RANI, A  
LAKERTYAN, BEYUS,  
CLAMPS A SCARLET  
POLYETHYLENE  
COLLAR ABOUT  
EINSTEIN'S NECK.

BEYUS FINDS NO  
JOY IN THE TASK.

HIS FOREHEAD  
PUCKERS WITH  
DISTASTE AS HE  
PLUGS FIRST A  
CABLE THEN A  
TRANSPARENT TUBE  
INTO THE COLLAR.

- 8 -

Sp. 1.

\*

- 9 -

FUSSED AND  
EXHIBITING  
TREPIDATION, IS  
A YOUNG FEMALE  
LAKERTYAN, SARN.

HER NERVOUS  
EFFORTS HINDER  
RATHER THAN ASSIST  
BEYUS.

GENTLY SHE SMOOTHES  
AND REALIGNS  
EINSTEIN'S RUMPLED  
JACKET)

R.

*Sam*  
RANI: / Stop dithering! Collecting  
this one's already put me behind  
schedule.

*BeYus stands back.*  
SARN: I don't want to harm him.

(BRUSQUELY THE  
RANI THRUSTS  
SARN ASIDE)

*Sam presses in the  
cabinet, moves it*  
RANI: Seal it and label it.

(BEYUS CLOSES  
THE CABINET'S  
FROSTED-GLASS  
FRONT.

WHILE SARN SHYLY  
COWERS, HE STANDS  
ARTLESSLY LOOKING  
AT THE RANI)

What're you waiting for?

BEYUS: You've not given me the  
name for the label.

- 9 -

*Sarn punches w  
in.*

*R.*

RANI: Einstein. (ANGRILY TURNING AWAY) Impotence could cost your people dearly, Beyus.

(SHE IS CHECKING  
DIALS ON IDENTICAL  
CABINETS THAT  
SPORT LABELS:  
'LOUIS PASTEUR',  
'DARWIN', AND THE  
UNFAMILIAR NAMES  
'ZA PANATO' AND  
'ARI CENTOS'.  
VAGUE OUTLINES  
OF THESE LUMINARIES  
CAN BE SEEN THROUGH  
THE FROSTED-GLASS  
FRONTS)

SARN: I'm sure Beyus did not mean to appear insolent. He - would - never - do that -

(SARN'S VOICE  
TAKES A DYING  
FALL UNDER THE  
RANI'S COLD  
APPRAISAL)

RANI: I find your incompetence more than enough without listening to your puerile opinions.

(BEYUS LAYS A  
COMFORTING HAND  
ON SARN'S SHOULDER)

BEYUS: Then why not let Sarn go? You've got me as hostage. You don't need her.

- 11 -

RANI: I shall decide my needs.  
They, unfortunately, require the  
use of Lakertyans.

BEYUS: You've left me with no  
illusions about the hatred you hold  
for us.

RANI: Hatred? Another fantasy.  
I've no feelings one way or the  
other. Outside my experiments, you  
have absolutely no significance.

BEYUS: Your detachment is difficult  
to understand.

RANI: All you need understand is  
that these specimens are geniuses.  
Every one of them. And if they're  
not kept in prime condition, you'll  
have more <sup>to worry about</sup> than the skin of this  
miserable creature ~~to worry about!~~

(LOOPING FROM  
THE TOPS OF  
THE CABINETS  
ARE TUBES AND  
CABLES THAT  
MERGE TOGETHER  
AND ARE CHANNELLED  
VIA A CONDUIT  
INTO THE LABORATORY  
(UNSEEN).

THE RANI MOVES  
TOWARDS A DOOR  
MIDWAY ALONG  
THE ARCADE)

BEYUS: Have you managed to procure  
the means to repair your laboratory  
apparatus?

RANI: ~~Procure?~~ An apt description.  
(SHE SMILES) ~~Procured.~~ Yes, indeed ...  
(SHE EXITS) Ah yes <sup>to change</sup> ~~have~~ indeed.

- 11 -

1'42"

B<sub>1</sub> → S

*Dr's [unclear]*

5. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(EYES CLOSED,  
THE PROSTRATED  
DOCTOR LIES  
UPON A WORKBENCH.

BEYOND HIM,  
AGAINST THE  
PRINCIPAL WALL  
OF THE LAB, IS  
A MASSIVE, OBLONG,  
METAL BOX WITH A  
GAPING, CHARRED  
HOLE THAT IS  
EVIDENCE OF AN  
INTERNAL EXPLOSION.

FURTHER ALONG  
THE WALL, THE  
CONDUIT FROM THE  
ARCADE INTERCONNECTS  
WITH AN ARRAY OF  
FLASKS AND BOTTLES  
LINKED BY CAPILLARY  
TUBES TO A  
LARGE CRYSTAL  
TANK CONTAINING  
A FERMENTING,  
BUBBLING 'SOUP'  
OF SPECKLED, GREY,  
GLUTINOUS LIQUID.

NORMALLY THIS  
WOULD BE  
SIPHONED INTO  
THE OBLONG BOX,  
BUT THE GAUGES  
AND THE DIGITAL  
LOGS ON THE  
APPARATUS ARE  
INNERT.

*Chapman*

*Pyramid 1*

*Pyramid 2.*

*Pyramid 1*



HAD IT BEEN  
FUNCTIONING  
THE DAMAGED  
BOX WOULD BE  
FEEDING THE  
PROCESSED  
GLUTINOUS GOO  
THROUGH THE  
OPPOSITE WALL,  
THE CURVATURE  
OF WHICH INDICATES  
IT IS A SECTION  
OF A SPHERICAL  
CHAMBER.

ENTERING FROM  
THE ARCADE THE RANI  
GOES TO THE DOCTOR,  
LISTENS TO BOTH  
HIS HEART, CHECKS  
HIS PUPILS IN A  
DISPASSIONATE  
ASSESSMENT OF HIS  
CONDITION, BEFORE  
TURNING HER  
ATTENTION TO THE  
SPHERICAL CHAMBER.

R<sub>1</sub>  
R<sub>2</sub> puts  
Nad in box  
she checks his pulses etc.  
R<sub>3</sub> presents him  
Dr. Quam  
she closes door.  
R<sub>4</sub>  
SHE MANIPULATES  
THE COMBINATION  
LOCK, A PANEL  
SLIDES OPEN  
IMMEDIATELY HER  
HAUGHTY CLASSICAL  
FEATURES ARE BATHED  
IN A PALPITATING  
MAGENTA LIGHT.

Geoff  
ATTUNED TO THE  
PULSATIONS, IS A  
SINISTER AND PERVADING  
THROBBING.

ALTHOUGH THE RANI  
SEEMS EXALTED, THE  
EFFECT ON THE LAB  
IS BALEFUL.

R4  
R  
D

THE SICKLY PURPLE  
CASTS GROTESQUE  
SHADOWS, SO THAT  
EVEN THE PLANES  
OF THE DOCTOR'S  
FACE ARE MISSHAPEN  
AND GARGOYLISH.

HE GROANS AND  
STIRS. ALERTED,  
THE RANI SHUTS  
THE PANEL AND  
CROSSES TO HIM.

WHEN SHE LEANS  
OVER HIM, MOVE  
INTO CLOSE UP  
THE DOCTOR.

ON THE KNIFE-EDGE  
OF CONSCIOUSNESS,  
HE BLINKS,  
DESPERATELY TRYING  
TO FOCUS.

THE RANI BUSIES  
HERSELF AT A  
CONTROL PANEL.

THE DOCTOR'S  
EYES OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: Ah. That was a nice  
nap.

(THE RANI LOOKS  
ROUND.

HE HOPS TO  
HIS FEET)

Down to business. I'm a bit worried  
about the temporal flicker in Sector  
13, there's the bicentennial refit  
to book in for the Tardis, must  
just pop over to Centauri Seven and  
then perhaps a quick holiday. Right.  
That all seems quite clear. Just  
three small points ... (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS AROUND,  
STARTS TO SWAY)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Where am I?

(LOOKS DOWN AT  
HIMSELF)

Who am I?

(TRYING TO  
UNSCRAMBLE HIS  
MUDDLED SENSES,  
HE FOCUSES ON  
THE RANI)

*who are you!*  
And you ...? You're the ... the  
Rani!

(HE SCOOPS UP  
HIS UMBRELLA,  
LUNGES AT HER,  
SPRAWLS INTO  
A MACHINE)

*D,  
falls down stairs*  
Stay back!

RANI: This is idiotic! You'll  
injure yourself!

*O2*  
THE DOCTOR: Why should you care?  
Since you were exiled from Gallifrey,  
you've had nothing but contempt  
for all other Time Lords.

RANI: My contempt started before  
my exile.

THE DOCTOR: Then what is it you  
want me for? And where's Mel?

RANI: She's perfectly safe. But how long that remains so, depends on you.

(AFTER A WILD,  
POINTLESS FLOURISH  
WITH THE UMBRELLA,  
HE JABS AT THE  
BUTTONS ON THE  
MONITOR SCREEN)

*he presses buttons*  
THE DOCTOR: You'll be up to something. Perhaps I'll get the answers from this.

*filmed  
more work.*  
(ON THE SCREEN,  
THERE IS A  
SPACE-VIEW  
OF A PLANET  
BEING OMINOUSLY  
CIRCLED BY A  
DARK FORBIDDING  
ASTEROID.

*After  
a Dave Chapman?*  
(A SERIES OF  
CALCULATIONS  
ARE TABULATED  
AT THE BASE OF  
THE SCREEN)

RANI: You won't recognise the planet. It's Lakertya. And there's no evidence it's ever been graced by your meddling presence!

THE DOCTOR: And you're trying to divert me. So the answer's on here. (STUDYING CALCULATIONS) Quarks - one up - one down - ~~one~~ Strange Matter. (cont ...)

(HE POKES HIS  
FINGER AT THE  
ASTEROID ON THE  
SCREEN. SHOUTING)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) That Asteroid's composed of Strange Matter! What monstrous experiment are you dabbling in now?

RANI: I didn't go to the trouble of bringing you here to discuss the ethics of my work.

THE DOCTOR: Ethics! Don't be a hypocrite. Your past is littered with the mutilated results of unethical experiments.

RANI: I had all I could take of that can't in our University days!

(FROM A CUPBOARD,  
SHE TAKES A  
SYRINGE) - *from her tool box/hiding*

Am I expected to abandon my research because of the side effects on inferior species?

(SHE SQUINTS  
AT THE NEEDLE  
POINT OF THE  
SYRINGE, CHECKING  
THAT IS IT  
FUNCTIONING)

Are you prepared to abandon walking in case you squash an insect underfoot?

(SYRINGE AT THE  
READY, SHE  
CLOSES IN ON HIM)

*D.  
R.  
we calm*

THE DOCTOR: Stay away! Whatever you've brought me here for I'm having no part of!



(KEEPING THE RANI  
AT BAY, THE DOCTOR  
FLOUNDERS TO THE  
ARCADE DOOR AND  
FLINGS IT WIDE -  
TO BE CONFRONTED  
BY SARN AND  
BEYUS.

RECOILING, HE  
FALLS TO THE  
FLOOR.

SARN HURRIES TO  
HELP HIM)

RANI: Leaving ~~ing~~ him there!

SARN: He may be hurt.

BEYUS: Sarn! Don't interfere!

(IGNORING THEM,  
SARN CONTINUES  
TO ASSIST THE  
DOCTOR TO HIS  
FEET.

OFF-BALANCE,  
HE STAGGERS  
TOWARDS THE  
CRYSTAL TANK)

*I'll deal with you later.*

RANI: ~~shall~~ (TO SARN) That's the last  
time you'll ever interfere! ~~I'll~~  
~~deal with you in a moment. When I finish~~  
~~with him~~

(SAVAGELY THE  
RANI THRUSTS  
SARN ASIDE,  
SENDING HER SPINNING  
ACROSS THE LAB.

SYRINGE AT THE  
READY, THE RANI  
ADVANCES ON THE  
DOCTOR)

Doctor gets up - 19 -

THE DOCTOR: Stay away or I'll smash this!

R.

(HE RAPS THE  
CRYSTAL TANK  
WITH HIS UMBRELLA)

Rani Urak

Dr. I'll smash it to pieces!

RANI: (~~CALLING~~) Urak!

(IN BACKGROUND,  
SARN SLIPS OUT  
OF THE ENTRANCE)

Urak! Get in here!

(ANOTHER ANGLE  
COMING FROM  
THE ARCADE AN  
OILY, HAIR-SHEATHED  
LIMB JUTS INTO  
FRAME AND CASTS  
AN ELECTRONIC  
WISPY NET OVER  
THE DOCTOR,  
SHROUDING HIM  
IN GLITTERING  
SPARKS)

U.

2' 38"

See Urak's for

III

O.B. 3 inc Model. at Lab.

Ext. Path. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

Lab -

M

Sarn running away,  
looks back to check if  
she's being followed  
she continues

With fleeting looks  
to check whether she  
is being followed,  
SARN runs along  
a path.

Stumbles  
looks back again

In her panic, she  
fails to seek the  
easiest route,  
stumbling over rough  
terrain.

to go out to eye behind a  
piece of rock.

Inc

URAK:

END O.B. 3

12

Syringe.

4'00

Nets gone -

- 21 -

~~x Bonus~~

Dr still by around,

6. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

sonic.

still got syringe.  
going to try + inject him.

Urak calls.

Rani speaking into computer  
bracelet.

(STUNNED, THE  
DOCTOR AGAIN  
LIES ON THE  
WORKBENCH.)

A WARNING LIGHT  
BEGINS TO FLASH  
AND A SIREN  
WAILS)

RANI: Urak. What's happening?

~~set~~ URAK: (VOICE) The female Sarn ...  
has escaped ... ~~Mistress Rani~~ ...

RANI: She won't get far!

14<sup>n</sup>

O.B. 4

a) Ext. Path. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

Overscene the  
siren's wail.

Lack of stamina  
is slowing SARN  
but her distress  
has not abated:  
She feels exposed  
on the path.

b) Ext. Path. Woods. Day.

IKONA, still humping  
MEL, is unaware that  
he is heading towards  
SARN.

~~Alarmed by the siren's~~  
wail, he fails to  
detect that MEL is  
regaining her senses.

Her sudden resistance  
throws him off-balance.

Kicking and pummelling,  
she escapes.

c) Ext. Path. Woods. Day.

The sight of MEL  
rounding the bend  
ahead, sends SARN  
scampering from the  
path into the woods. *whs*

TIGHT SHOT ground.



SARN'S SHIN hits a  
trip-wire, triggering  
a tremendous 'whoosh' -

*lap wire*

*Colin*

{ A blur of flying  
leaves and twigs -

FULL SHOT.

*Dave*

{ When the dust settles,  
a huge, plastic,  
opaque 'bubble' has  
formed about SARN,  
imprisoning her.

Attached to it, like  
a tumour, is a  
bulging metal plate.

With increasing  
velocity, a jet of  
steam issues from  
the 'bubble's'  
underside.

For a brief moment,  
SARN crouches,  
gripped by fear.

*Dave*

Then the 'bubble'  
begins to spin -  
until, the interior  
blurred, it shoots  
forward towards the  
path.

CLOSE ON MEL aghast,  
watching the 'bubble'  
O.S. -

RESUME ON 'bubble'  
spinning across the  
path - crashing into  
a tree.

*Colin*

|| C.U. Metal plate at  
the moment of impact  
with the tree's trunk.

RESUME ON 'bubble'.  
An incandescent,  
glowing heat spreads  
from the metal plate,  
whiting out the  
'bubble' and its  
captive.

CLOSE ON MEL, horrified,  
she averts her gaze  
as the white heat of  
the explosion illuminates  
her.

IKONA comes alongside  
MEL, but he ignores  
her and continues  
past.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Carin  
An anguished IKONA  
comes falteringly  
to all that remains  
of his young compatriot -  
An ivory skeleton -

END O.B. 4

45"

Studio insert for inside bubble

7. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

*Computer or mine?  
Grid or minefield?*

(ON THE MONITOR  
SCREEN, A  
DIMINISHING BLOB  
GLOWS IN A  
SECTION OF A  
GRID.  
  
CO-ORDINATE  
NUMBERS ARE  
ALSO ILLUSTRATED)

*Bey*

RANI: See that the trap is reset.

URAK: (VOICE) Certainly ... Your powers are ... truly wonderous ... Mistress Rani ...

*Rani in Beyus*

(THE VOICE IS  
HIGH-PITCHED  
SQUEAKY YET  
MENACING, WITH  
EXAGGERATED  
EMPHASIS ON THE  
HARD 'T', 'D'  
AND 'S' CONSONANTS.

THE CADENCE, TOO,  
HAS AN ODD  
PECULIARITY: A  
PAUSE AFTER EVERY  
THREE OR FOUR  
BEATS.

*Beyus*

THE RANI PICKS UP  
THE SYRINGE AND  
APPLIES IT TO THE  
DOCTOR'S WRIST.

*Beyus: What's happened  
Rani: It doesn't concern you  
Rani: What are you doing  
Beyus: Why are you doing this*

BEYUS WATCHES)

BEYUS: What are you doing?

RANI: Making certain he suffers a healthy dose of amnesia when he wakes.

*Handwritten marks*

*Beyus: Amnesia  
Rani: That's what I said*

Skeleton.

O.B. 5

Ext. Path. Woods. Day.

Bewildered, MEL  
draws closer  
to SARN'S remains,  
scuffing a stone.

IKONA rounds on  
her. She backs  
away, but, by  
circling IKONA  
ensures her sole  
line of retreat  
is the woods.

IKONA: (GOADING) Go on run!

He feints a  
lunge.

Run! The <sup>area is</sup> ~~woods~~ are full of traps!

Another lunge.

As well you know!

MEL: Me? Why should I - This is  
insane!

IKONA: Don't play the innocent,  
alien! Your friends set those traps!

He closes on  
her.

She recoils,  
trips, rolls  
from the path  
into a ditch.

Recovering, MEL  
continues to dodge  
about.

MEL: Look, it's all very well  
being upset, but -

IKONA: Upset! Yet another of  
your obscene murders takes place -

MEL: Stop accusing me! This had  
nothing to do with me!

IKONA: Lies! If I didn't need you  
as a hostage, you'd be dead!

MEL: A hostage? For what?

IKONA: To exchange for <sup>our leader</sup> ~~the hostage~~  
~~Your friends took~~ took him prisoner.

MEL: Why do you keep calling them  
friends of mine?

IKONA: You arrived from out of  
space -

He succeeds in  
catching MEL  
his arm almost  
throttling her.

- as they did. Now they can have  
you back! On my terms.

~~takes off his belt to tie~~  
~~around her.~~  
END O.B. 5.

58 42



8. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(A RED-HAIRED  
GIRL IN PANTS-SUIT  
HAS HER BACK  
TO THE DOCTOR  
AS SHE EXAMINES  
THE HOLE RIPPED  
IN THE MACHINE  
(TO ALL INTENTS,  
THIS IS MEL)

HE STIRS. BLINKS.  
PERPLEXED, HE  
SCANS, WITHOUT  
RECOGNITION,  
THE LABORATORY.

FOR A MOMENT  
THE DOCTOR CONCENTRATES,  
WILLING HIMSELF  
TO REMEMBER, FAILS)

THE DOCTOR: Where am I? Who are  
you?

RANI: Mel. Melanie.

(SHE TURNS -  
AND WE SEE IT  
IS THE RANI  
IN A RED, CURLY  
WIG, DISGUISED  
AS MEL)

Are you all right, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: All right? Am I?  
Of course. Of course. (SITTING UP)  
Are you?

RANI: Me? Yes. (BRIGHTLY) Why not?

- 29 -

THE DOCTOR: Indeed, why not? We both are.

(EXHIBITING BRAVADO,  
HE GETS BOLDLY OFF  
THE WORK BENCH.

HIS KNEES BUCKLE  
AND HE STAGGERS.

THE RANI TRIES  
TO HELP HIM,  
BUT HIS WEIGHT  
IS TOO MUCH  
AND THEY FLOUNDER,  
DRUNKENLY, EVERY  
WHICHWAY.

THE RANI IS TORN  
BETWEEN SUPPORTING  
THE DOCTOR AND  
SAVING HER PRECIOUS  
EQUIPMENT AS HE  
(COLLIDES INTO IT)

Ooops! A bull in a barber's shop.

(THE RANI'S INNATE  
PRIORITIES ASSERT  
THEMSELVES.

SHE ABANDONS  
THE DOCTOR AND  
CONCENTRATES ON  
PROTECTING HER  
EQUIPMENT.  
EVENTUALLY, LEGS  
SAGGING, THE  
DOCTOR CLUTCHES  
A SHELF.

HIS ATTENTION  
STRAYS TO A  
FUTURISTIC MAGNET-  
SHAPED COIL)

A navigational guidance system  
distorter. That'd pluck any passing  
space craft out of the sky.  
Er - where are we?

- 29 -

*2*  
*This would be any  
parking space  
into landing here.*

*face*  
*That would confuse any  
passing spaceship and force into  
8700th landing here*

*D, he staggers  
+ Knocks things  
off table*

She takes N.G.D +  
puts it into table

- 30 -

R.

*on*  
RANI: In your lab - on Lakertya -  
Doctor, are you sure you're well?

THE DOCTOR: Certainly. Certainly.  
Fit as a trombone.

RANI: Fiddle.

THE DOCTOR: Mmm?

RANI: (SNAPPING) Fit as a fiddle!

?  
*Yousef Arayan*  
THE DOCTOR: Fiddle?—Yes. Nerves  
I expect.

R.  
(TUCKING UP THE  
OVER-LONG SLEEVE,  
ABSENTLY HE RUBS  
THE WRIST WHERE  
SHE INJECTED  
HIM WITH THE  
AMNESIA DRUG)

Now, let's see ... what were we up  
to - er - Mel did you say your name  
was?

RANI: You don't remember me, do you?

(NO WAVERING FROM  
HER ADOPTED ROLE,  
BUT HER EYES  
SEARCH KEENLY  
FOR ANY SIGN  
OF MEMORY REVIVAL)

Do you?

THE DOCTOR: Red hair ... I recall  
red hair - (HE RECOILS) *what's who?*  
that!

- 30 -

(THE DOCTOR HAS  
WANDERED IN  
FRONT OF  
A CHROME CUPBOARD  
WITH A MIRROR  
FINISH, AND  
CAUGHT HIS AND  
HER REFLECTION)

RANI: ~~Not what. Who.~~ It's me.

*8 he goes to her.*  
THE DOCTOR: *standing next to you* (HORRIFIED) ~~With you,~~  
I mean.

RANI: That's you, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Me!

(HE PATS HIS  
HEAD SEEKING  
THE MISSING MOP  
OF FAIR CURLS -  
NATURALLY, SO DOES  
HIS MIRROR IMAGE,  
CONFIRMING THE  
WORST)

No wonder, I've lost my memory!

? N RANI: (SHARPLY) ~~Never mind the~~  
~~pathos!~~

(REALISING THE  
MEL CHARACTERISATION  
IS SLIPPING, SHE  
SMILES SWEETLY)

I mean, you're supposed to be  
conducting an experiment, not  
frightening yourself to death.

THE DOCTOR: Experiment?

*R, she takes him  
D, by the arm.*

RANI: (INDICATING THE MACHINE) It exploded and threw you to the ground. Me, too. Knocked both of us cold. When I came round - (SHE SHRUGS) - ~~you were like this.~~ *you looked like this*

THE DOCTOR: The shock of the explosion must've caused me to regenerate.

(RANI UNABLE TO  
RESIST TURNING  
THE SCREW)

RANI: You mean, this is what you're going to look like permanently?

THE DOCTOR: (DESPERATELY) I want all mirrors removed from the Tardis henceforth!

RANI: (CONCERNED) Oh, so you *remembers* ~~recall~~ the Tardis then ...?

(SURREPTITIOUSLY  
RANI PICKS UP  
THE SYRINGE)

THE DOCTOR: The Tardis? ... Yes. And you, Mel ... yet, there's something out of sync. (SHAKING HIMSELF) I'm obviously experiencing post regeneration amnesia.

*Dr*  
*RA D, she takes him back  
takes off cover  
pokes head in  
now*

RANI: Don't worry. It'll wear off. Meanwhile, why not repair the machine. You said it was important.

THE DOCTOR: Important, did I? Wonder what I was up to. (STUDYING HOLE) Seems pretty far gone. Need a genius to unravel this.

RANI: Well you are a genius.



Dr

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Yes. I can definitely remember that.

RANI: Especially in thermodynamics.

THE DOCTOR: How did you know that, Mel?

RANI: You told me. It was your special subject when you were at University.

pr he leans towards her.

THE DOCTOR: University ... (PEERING AT HER) You remind me of someone I knew ... when I was there.

RANI: (HURRIEDLY) This machine. It has to be repaired, Doctor. And you're the only one with the knowledge to do it.

(THE DOCTOR,  
POKING HEAD  
INTO THE HOLE)

THE DOCTOR: Your confidence is very flattering, Mel.

he goes into machine.

2/7/71

Studio 1

O.B. 6

Ext. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

In a rough  
tug-of-war,  
MEL is being  
unceremoniously  
hauled along.

A rope that  
hobbles her  
ankles and tethers  
her wrists, is  
also a halter  
about her throat.

MEL: I'm cho king!

No response.

Do you hear? I'm choking!

IKONA: Then stop struggling.

Another jerk  
to maintain pace,  
produces an  
obdurate glower  
from MEL.

MEL: (YELLING) Will you listen!  
How many more times do I have to tell  
you I'm not your enemy!

IKONA: I'd prefer you to say nothing.  
Your endless squawking hurts my ears.

MEL: I'm not mad about you either.  
But trading insults isn't going to  
get us anywhere. (cont...)

MEL stumbles ...  
almost falls

MEL: (cont) Look - can we begin from scratch? My name's Mel and I come from earth. Your turn.

IKONA: This is no game.

MEL: (SIGHING) Okay. Let's try another tack. You claim I was alone when you found me.

IKONA: Don't start on about this Doctor again!

MEL: I have to!

IKONA: There was no-one else in the strange box. If he exists, he must have left.

MEL: <sup>Now</sup> ~~Not a chance!~~ The Doctor wouldn't have left me.

IKONA: If he had any sense he would!

MEL: It's not even up for discussion!

IKONA: Good. I shall enjoy the silence!

Almost tripping,  
MEL spots IKONA  
is about to tread  
on a mine concealed  
by leaves.

MEL: Watch out! (cont...)

Bubble appears

per prod-leaves  
frame.

soft bang beside  
camera.

Too late!  
IKONA'S foot makes  
contact with the  
mine.

Simultaneously,  
MEL gives a  
tremendous yank  
on the halter.

A banshee screech  
rents the air as  
another bubble is  
sprung.

Although finishing  
in a tangled heap,  
MEL and IKONA are  
unscathed.

MEL: (cont) Now will you accept I'm  
not your enemy?

Assisting her,  
IKONA edges them  
away from the  
trap.

IKONA: We must hurry. The Tetraps  
will come to investigate.

His trembling  
fingers fumble  
at the rope  
binding MEL'S  
wrists.

MEL: What made you think I was  
in league with them?

IKONA: You're not Lakertyan. You  
don't belong on this planet.

MEL: (SURPRISED) They're human?  
Like me?

IKONA: Not like you. (SINCERELY)  
Although they're almost as hideous.

Despite her  
situation, MEL  
is affronted.  
She follows  
him over a  
high ridge.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Several hundred  
metres from  
the ridge, a  
TETRAP claw  
eases aside  
a branch ...  
(to suggest  
Urak has spotted  
MEL and IKONA)

END O.B. 6

1'35"



canine off.

toolbox

- 38 -

spark  
spoon

Studio!

9. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

coin  
tool with glowing tip  
shower of sparks.

(A DISCHARGE  
OF SPARKS SHOWERS  
FROM THE HOLE  
IN THE MACHINE.

IN ILL-HUMOUR,  
THE RANI SURVEYS  
THE CHAOS IN  
THE LAB.

FLEX AND CABLE  
CRISS-CROSS  
THE FLOOR.  
CRUDELY JOINED  
TUBING STRETCHES  
FROM THE WORKBENCH  
TO A FUTURISTIC  
MAKESHIFT ACETYLENE  
TORCH WHICH THE  
DOCTOR IS USING  
FOR SOLDERING.

HE PAUSES, LIFTS  
HIS PERSPIRING  
FACE)

THE DOCTOR: Come on! Come on!

RANI: Come where?

THE DOCTOR: Why I chose you as an  
assistant, I'll never know! Perhaps  
I will when I've regained my memory.

RANI: What is it you want?

THE DOCTOR: Look at me! Can't you  
see? Mop my brow! (cont...)

she does he goes back

he takes out  
spoon &  
they get  
knocked out  
his hand.

- 39 -

(WITH BAD GRACE,  
THE RANI PRODUCES  
A HANDKERCHIEF  
AND DABS THE  
DOCTORS BROW.

AS SHE MOVES AWAY,  
THE DOCTOR TUGS  
AT THE TUBING.  
IT SNAKES ABOUT  
HER FOOT)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Watch <sup>what</sup> <sup>for?</sup> where you're  
going!

(RECOVERING,  
SHE DUMPS THE  
OFFENSIVE  
HANDKERCHIEF IN  
A WASTBIN BENEATH  
A RACK OF VIALS)

RANI: It was your fault!

THE DOCTOR: Bad workmen always blame  
their fools.

RANI: Tools! Blame their tools!

THE DOCTOR: Do I detect a hint of  
bad temper Mel? ~~Are you finding your  
unequal status a little irksome?~~

why you getting so uppity

(ANOTHER ERUPTION  
OF SPARKS)

Or could it be that you think  
yourself superior to me?

RANI: How could I possibly assume  
that, Doctor?

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THE DOCTOR: Quite. Although I feel far from superior at the moment. This is all a mystery to me.

RANI: Surely there's a catalyst ~~in there~~.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Yes. Must you state the obvious? I'm well aware that its function is to fuse the impulses ~~from there~~ -

(INDICATING CONDUIT)

D  
- with this goo. But what's it for!

|| (HE DIPS HIS  
FINGER INTO THE  
TANK)

I'm beginning to think this set-up has nothing to do with me.

RANI: (APPREHENSIVELY) Why's that?

THE DOCTOR: Omnipotence. The mind responsible for this bag of tricks operates on a grand scale.

RANI: (INGRATIATINGLY) All the more reason why it should be you, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Then ... why do I have such an overwhelming sense of foreboding ... ?

(HIS PERTURBED GAZE  
WANDERS FROM  
CONTEMPLATION OF  
THE MASS OF TUBES  
AND APPARATUS,  
TO THE PANEL OF  
THE SPHERICAL  
CHAMBER)

MODEL SHOT 2:

Ext. Laboratory Complex.  
Day.

PAN from the rocket  
launcher to the  
grounds and beyond.

END MODEL SHOT 2.

O.B. 7

Ext. Woods. Day.

Breathless, anxious,  
MEL and IKONA are  
scrunching through  
the undergrowth.  
Every gnarled tree,  
hillock and bush  
seem to harbour  
menace.

MEL: Hold on. I need a breather.

IKONA: We must keep moving.

MEL: What happened to the rest of  
your people? ~~Wouldn't~~ <sup>Won't</sup> they help?

IKONA: No. They've been completely  
subdued.

MEL: We could at least try ~~we~~

IKONA: The only one they listen to  
is Beyus, our leader.

MEL: Right, let's go to him.

IKONA: He's the hostage I wanted to  
exchange you for - Listen!

On tenterhooks  
they listen -  
far off, but  
getting nearer,  
are faint sounds  
of pursuit.

MEL and IKONA flee.



INTERCUT to  
suggest URAK is *+ URAK*  
in pursuit.

MEL's actions  
are becoming ragged  
but IKONA, running  
with purpose,  
urges her on.

Abruptly they  
break from the  
cover of the trees  
onto a wide expanse  
of common land.

*Ikona: Quickly.*

MEL: We can't go that way. It's  
completely exposed.

IKONA: For once don't argue!

Brusquely, IKONA  
bundles her onto  
the common.

With every step  
MEL takes, she  
feels increasingly  
vulnerable.

At midpoint,  
IKONA drops into  
a shallow gully.

*Quickly* (cont...)

*In the hide  
there is a  
box of fireworks.*

Sceptically MEL  
follows suit and  
IKONA concertinas  
a canvas frame  
camouflaged with  
grass and leaves,  
stretching it over  
them.

This is evidently  
IKONA's prepared  
hideaway.

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*Hopefully*

IKONA: (cont) *h* They'll think we've  
doubled back ~~to stay under cover.~~

MEL: And if they don't, they'll  
just drop in!

END O.B. 7

1'

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10. INT. ARCADE. DAY.

(TWO BUCKETS  
BRIMFUL OF RED  
LIQUID HANG  
FROM A YOKE  
WHICH BEYUS IS  
BALANCING.

HE IS PASSING  
THE OFF-SET  
CABINET ENTOMBING  
LOUIS PASTEUR,  
WHEN A THUMPING  
ON THE DOOR  
OF THE LABORATORY  
STARTLES HIM)

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) Why is this door  
locked?

RANI: (VOICE) You locked it ...

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) I did?

(CAREFUL NOT TO  
SLOP THE LIQUID  
BEYUS CONTINUES  
PAST THE OTHER  
SARCOPHAGI TO  
THE REAR OF THE  
ARCADE)

10"

11. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

*Dr. he wanders round  
Lab Main*

(IN HIGH DUDGEON  
THE DOCTOR STRUTS  
TO THE SPHERICAL  
CHAMBER PANEL)

THE DOCTOR: Is this locked ~~too?~~

*Yes*  
RANI: You kept the combination number  
a secret.

THE DOCTOR: What's in there?

RANI: I've no idea.

~~(HIS FOOT HAS  
BECOME SNARED  
IN THE TANGLE  
OF CABLES)~~

*Dr*

THE DOCTOR: (IRRITABLY) Are you as  
clueless as you appear, Mel?

RANI: Don't blame me, Doctor! I've  
never been inside. You wouldn't let me.

THE DOCTOR: Wouldn't I?

RANI: You said the air wasn't sterile  
enough for humans.

~~(DISENTANGLED  
FROM THE CABLE,  
HE SITS ON THE  
EDGE OF THE  
WORK BENCH)~~

*no sitar ~~stair~~  
R she gets up*

THE DOCTOR: That's it then. I'm doing nothing more until my memory returns. Nothing until I know what I'm about. I won't work in the dark like this. No! No! I'm finished!

*Rani:*  
RANI: Oh come on, now. You thrive on challenge. And you're the only one with the knowledge to repair the machine.

THE DOCTOR: ~~No~~, I'm adamant! This could be some diabolical scheme.

RANI: To do what?

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
DOLEFULLY AT  
THE MACHINE)

THE DOCTOR: That's the question ...

*Rani: Oh Dr really,*

*✓ Sn 12! ~~Beeps~~. In Arcade. 40"  
on his way to feed Tetraps*



NOT EYRIE

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12

Arcade:

Beyus opens door to Eyrie.

1

e

or Arcade

12 INT. EYRIE.

Portal?

- disc/cand to insert to  
deliver blood -

(ENTERING THE  
TENEBOUS EYRIE,  
BEYUS NERVOUSLY  
BRACES HIMSELF  
FOR WHAT IS  
OBVIOUSLY AN ORDEAL.

chain to  
deliver blood

Wall mounted

trident

shrive to open.

BARELY DISCERNIBLE  
IN THE GLOOM,  
ARE INDISTINCT  
BROWN SHAPES  
SOME TWO METRES  
LONG, HANGING  
FROM THE RAFTERS.

IN THE STEAMY,  
FETID, FUG, AN  
OCCASIONAL RUSTLE  
ADDS TO THE  
MACABRE ATMOSPHERE.

AVERTING HIS EYES,  
BEYUS EMPTIES THE  
BUCKETS OF RED  
LIQUID INTO A  
TROUGH.

THE RUSTLING  
BECOMES MORE  
AGITATED - AND  
BEYUS HURRIEDLY  
WITHDRAWS)

(13)

18<sup>n</sup>

*Arcade*

13. INT. PORTAL TO EYRIE.

(TIGHT ON BEYUS  
SHUTTING THE  
PORTAL.

HE PAUSES  
MOMENTARILY TO  
RECOVER HIS NERVE)

*Beyus exits for a moment  
sees Rani King  
tumble of water*

14. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

R<sub>1</sub>  
(SHIELDING A  
TUMBLER OF  
WATER, THE  
RANI BREAKS  
A CAPSULE  
INTO IT.

IN B.G., THE  
DOCTOR IS STILL  
OBDURATELY  
SITTING ON THE  
WORK BENCH.

R<sub>2</sub>  
RANI, TURNING  
TO THE DOCTOR:)

RANI: You're just over excited.  
Drink this.

THE DOCTOR: (ACCEPTING TUMBLER)  
What is it?

RANI: Only water.

THE DOCTOR: Hmmmm.

(ABOUT TO DRINK,  
HE CHANGES HIS  
MIND AND TIPS  
THE TUMBLER  
INTO THE SINK)

R<sub>3</sub> she puts down tumbler  
human  
Don't try to placate me! Leave  
me alone! you have it.

R<sub>4</sub>  
RANI: You can't just loll around!  
It's simply not like you!

THE DOCTOR: How d'you know what I'm like? I've regenerated. Look at me! Look at me!

*She snarls down*

RANI: You've changed outwardly, but you must still have the same - (ALMOST GAGGING) - sweet nature.

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps this is my new persona. Sulky. Bad tempered. Think how I spoke to you earlier.

RANI: (GROWING DESPERATE) You didn't mean it. I was at fault.

THE DOCTOR: Even so, that's probably how I am now. You don't understand regeneration, Mel. It's a lottery. And I've drawn the short plank.

(HE FOLDS HIS  
ARMS COMPLACENTLY)

Anyway, I need a radiation wave meter. And, brilliant as I am, even I can't improvise that!

RANI: What about the Tardis? Will there be a radiation wave meter there?

THE DOCTOR: The Tardis? D'you know where it is?

RANI: Yes, of course.

*to do*

*(She points)*

THE DOCTOR: I could do with a breath of fresh air. We'll go there together..

*begins her humder*

*D2*

*Handwritten signature/initials*

*Rani no not that way this*

*Handwritten signature/initials*

(SPRINGING FROM  
THE BENCH,  
THE DOCTOR  
STRIDES FROM  
THE LABORATORY)

RANI: Wait - !

(BEFORE FOLLOWING,  
SHE HASTILY  
ACTIVATES THE  
MONITOR.

*Speaker into  
computer  
bracket*

~~THE SCREEN IS~~  
~~QUARTERED,~~  
~~SHOWING ASPECTS~~  
~~OF WOODLAND~~  
~~FRINGING THE~~  
~~COMMON)~~

*4/0*  
Urak: *Yes Mistress.*

Urak, / remove the girl from the  
Tardis. *AT ONCE.*

URAK: (VOICE) She is not ...  
there, Mistress ...

RANI: Find her, you incompetent  
fool!

THE DOCTOR: (BELLOWING - OFF)  
Mel, are you coming!

RANI: (AS MEL) Yes, Doctor!  
Coming...!

*1'12"*



O.B. 8

a) Ext. Common. Lakertya. Day.

Urak's P.O.V.  
PANNING the  
common TIGHT  
SHOT INT.  
HIDEAWAY.

*ext hideaway  
cut inside*

Hunched over,  
MEL and IKONA  
maintain a  
fraught silence.

*54*

b) Ext. Path. Lakertya. Day.

TIGHT ON  
SARN'S SKELETON.

EASE BACK TO  
SHOW THE DOCTOR  
ambling along  
the path,  
expansively  
filling his  
lungs and  
blithely  
disregarding  
the Rani's  
impatience.

He spots the  
skeleton.

THE DOCTOR: Unusual species.  
Can't say I recognise it. Human  
with reptilian influence, wouldn't  
you think, Mel?

RANI: Lakertyan. A race so indolent they can't be bothered to bury their dead!

THE DOCTOR: Really? I suppose we've explored this planet. I wish I could remember.

*lckangy*  
RANI: There's not a lot to remember. The benevolent climate has induced atrophy. They've failed to realise their full potential.

THE DOCTOR: Rather a harsh judgment, Mel.

RANI: (SPITEFULLY) Not mine. Yours.

THE DOCTOR: (MOVING ON) The more I know about me, the less I like...!

*Bk<sup>n</sup> 38<sup>n</sup> 39<sup>n</sup> 37<sup>n</sup>*

c) Ext. Common. Lakertya. Day.

The flat common is deserted.

Gingerly, mole-like, MEL'S HEAD pokes out of the ground, squints around, and disappears.

TIGHT SHOT  
INT. HIDEAWAY.

MEL: No-one about. Come on!

IKONA: It's too soon.

MEL: Not for me. I'm going to find The Doctor.

IKONA: If he's been captured, he's as good as dead.

MEL: Were you born a pessimist, or is it self-induced?

IKONA: I'm a realist.

MEL: At least tell me where he'll be.

IKONA shakes  
a negative.

d) Ext. Tardis location. Day.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
THE RANI ENTERING  
HIS TARDIS)

e) Ext. Common. Day.

MEL: All right. I'll find him without you.

(WRIGGLES FROM THE GULLY)

MEL: One thing about the Doctor. You can't miss him in his outfit.

(SHE SPRINTS TOWARDS THE TREES)

END. O.B. 8

C+e. = 35"

38"

15. INT. TARDIS WARDROBE ROOM.

(TIGHT ON THE SIXTH DOCTOR'S CLOTHES IN A RUMPLED HEAP ON THE FLOOR.

EASE BACK.

THE DOCTOR, RIGGED IN HIS NEW OUTFIT (ALL BUT JACKET AND HAT) IS **POSING BEFORE A MIRROR.** HE DONS AN ANKLE LENGTH, FRENCH CUTAWAY TRENCHCOAT CIRCA 1812, ARRANGES A KISS CURL ON HIS FOREHEAD, STRIKES A NAPOLEONIC STANCE OF ONE HAND INSIDE HIS JACKET)

*D. throws away clothes*

*Napoleon D2*

THE DOCTOR: Wonder why he stood like this?

RANI: (LONG SUFFERING) Who?

THE DOCTOR: Napoleon Bonaparte.

(HE STRUTS ABOUT, STUDYING HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR)

*looks in mirror*

THE DOCTOR: I think not. Lacks my natural humility.

(DISCARDING THE TRENCH COAT, HE PLONKS A LARGE BUSBY ON HIS HEAD. IT COMES DOWN TO BELOW HIS NOSE)

*busby - D3 set*

THE DOCTOR: (MUFFLED) No, doesn't look right ~~without a horse.~~

*Not right*

(HE DUMPS THE BUSBY AND FERRETS AMONG THE RACK OF GARMENTS)

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERING) Something dignified. Time Lord-ish.

*Teased*

*DC*

(PUTTING ON A MORTAR BOARD AND ACADEMIC GOWN, HE PROMENADES RATHER GRANDLY)

*Dr. DL  
Tom Baker*

THE DOCTOR: A little portentous perhaps, Mel.

(HE IS HOPING SHE'LL CONTRADICT HIM)

RANI: Pretentious is the word!

*Dr. Old hat*

(CRESTFALLEN, HE REJECTS THE GOWN IN FAVOUR OF THE BAGGY BEIGE JACKET)

*Dr. Patmore*

THE DOCTOR: Ah yes. *not filled* Very elegant.

(FLICKING OFF THE MORTAR BOARD, IN RAPID SUCCESSION HE TRIES ON A VARIETY OF HEADGEAR FINISHING WITH THE PANAMA HAT)

*Dr. Cuckoo*

THE DOCTOR: A frowning man will clutch at a straw.

*Rani is very elegant*

(TILTING THE HAT TO A JAUNTY ANGLE.)

*R  
himself  
dog himself  
Dio*

THE DOCTOR: Thank goodness in this regeneration, I've regained my impeccable sense of haute couture.

*R*

SCENE CONT. OVER



...SCENE CONTINUED...

RANI: If you've finished  
preening yourself, can we get what  
we came for?

(HE TURNS.

FROWNS.

SHE IS A VAGUE  
FIGURE IN THE  
SHADOWS.

HE PLUCKS AT HIS  
WAISTCOAT IN A  
MANIFESTATION OF  
DISTRESS.

THE DOCTOR'S P.O.V.

SUMPERIMPOSED ON  
THE RANI IS THE IMAGE  
OF MEL.

THE IMAGE  
FLUCTUATES, FADES,  
RETURNS.

RESUME ON FULL  
SCENE.

REALISING THE  
DOCTOR'S MEMORY  
IS TRYING TO STAGE  
A RECOVERY, THE RANI  
FETCHES HIM A  
RESOUNDING SLAP)

THE DOCTOR: What? ... What? ...

RANI: I'm sorry. (SHE ISN'T)  
You seemed to be losing control.

(THE DOCTOR RUBS  
HIS CHEEK)

THE DOCTOR: I must have been  
hallucinating, I had an overwhelming  
sense of evil. And there was a  
name - Ra - Radi -

RANI: (OVER HIM) Doctor, you  
came here to get a radiation wave  
meter!

THE DOCTOR: Er - Yes ... Now -  
let's see. Where d'you reckon  
I'd keep it?

RANI: Tool Room.

THE DOCTOR: Mmm ... Won't be a  
jiffy. Absence makes the nose grow  
longer.

(HE LEAVES)

RANI: Cretin!

D,  
R,  
1'50'

52m

1'28

O.B.9

Ext. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

Alone, MEL pauses  
at a fork in the  
path.

A slight sound.  
She looks in the  
direction of a  
tree - sees nothing  
untoward and turns  
away.

- a tawny, membraned  
claw creeps round  
the tree trunk -

END O.B.9

10<sup>n</sup>

16. INT. TARDIS. CONTROL ROOM.

(A TINY SIGNAL  
FLICKERS URGENTLY  
ON THE RANI'S  
COMPUTER BRACELET.

*sonic beep*

GLANCING FURTIVELY  
AT THE CORRIDOR,  
SHE HURRIES TO  
THE CONSOLE.  
READING FROM HER  
BRACELET SHE TAPS  
IN THE CO-ORDINATES.

*console screens  
covered in blue & green*

*same {*  
A QUARTETTE OF  
IMAGES COMES UP  
ON THE SCREEN.

ONE CONTAINS  
THE UNSUSPECTING  
MEL)

*Rani: Yes urak met is of*

*12.*  
URAK: (VOICE) We have found ...  
the lost girl ... *mistress.*

RANI: Focus in on her!

URAK: (VOICE) Certainly ...  
Mistress Rani ...

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) Rani!

(HE BUSTLES IN)

Rani, that's the name. The evil name.

(HE STARES AT  
THE SCREEN WHICH  
NOW ONLY SHOWS  
THE PICTURE OF  
MEL)

*Radiation now  
meter D,*

*S.*  
RANI: Is that her, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: (CONFUSED) Er - well  
- it must be - yes!

RANI: And she's evil?

THE DOCTOR: Completely.

(HIS FINGERS  
PLUCK FRENETICALLY  
AT HIS WAISTCOAT)

RANI: Then she must be destroyed.

THE DOCTOR: Destroyed? Well - *lets not*  
~~er - don't let's be hasty ...~~ *be hasty*

29



O.B.10

Ext. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

*Uran jumps in*  
A rustle of leaves  
causes MEL to  
glance up - a  
wispy net is  
floating towards  
her -

In reflex, she nips  
aside - and the net  
falls to the turf  
in a display of  
sparks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Terrified, MEL  
dashes from the  
wood near a cliff  
top.

TIGHT SHOT trip-wire.

MEL'S SHIN triggers  
the trap in a 'whoosh'  
of dust.

FULL SHOT.

A huge, opaque,  
plastic 'bubble'  
with a bulging  
metal detonator  
encapsulates MEL.

Steam spurts from  
its underside as  
MEL frantically  
claws at the plastic -  
to no avail.

- 62 -

The bubble spins -  
faster - faster -  
until it abandons  
terra firma and  
shoots over the  
edge of the cliff -

END O.B.10

SUPOSE CAM

Closing  
Titles:

FADE OUT

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